The Weekly Press.

VOL. 1. PENFIELD, PA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895. NO. 5.

MOOSE RUN COAL.

MILLER MINE.

Screened $1.50 per ton.
Slack $1.25 per ton.
Delivered free in 1½ tons lots.
Cash or its equivalent must accompany order.
Screened, 4c per bu. at the mine.
Slack, 3c " " " " "
Spot cash at mine or order from Miller's store.

We are compelled to adhere closely to the above terms as the very small price we ask for coal scarcely covers expenses of miners and teamsters which must be paid every day.

REDUCTION SALE.

undreds of dollars worth of woolen & rubber goods still remain and I have only a short time in which to sell them I have decided every value must be sacrificed! Every article in the house must be sold

Joy for the Workingman.

Prices down to Zero.

Mens all wool underware in different colors at 90c. Mens heavy wool overshirts at 90c. $1.15 & $1.35. Also a full line of mens Down East Drawers, socks and mittens at same cheap rates.

I also have a full line of mens Hurons Solid Heel Arctics, and mens two buckle czar, and rubbers of every description at

LOWEST PRICES.

Overcoats from $5.00 to $1.000. In fact I guarantee my goods to be the best and cheapest that can be bought for your money

G. WOOD MILLER.

R. R. MURPHY,

At the Horning building.

Will sell you Furniture of all kinds.

The quality and price will please you,

GIVE HIM A CALL.

The Quiet Rambler.

Some people tkink it did not look very well for a man at a recent funeral, a brother of the deceased lady, not to shed a single tear of grief. Just why one should cry over their dead does not appear to one who takes a philosopher's view of life. Nine out of ten who live on this earth suffer much more sorrow than joy. There is absolutely nothing worth having in this world. If death is an eternal sleep one is really better off asleep. If death is the doorway to a mansion in the skies, why not be glad instead of sad, when one passes through? Then why weep and go on just to please people who think it is proper to do this?

The Public Spirit was very vigorous last week in its editoral dept. It is a good thing for the readers of the Spirit that its editor got not the plum that fell to the Journal man, albeit we need such vigorous men at Hbg.

Men who are running to reform the schools will find, like others before them that they have one vote on the board no more no less.

If I can make everybody think the ideas I advance in this column are exactly correct. I shall be quite pleased.

Why this thusness in the weather? I think I know. You have not forgotten that last summer was exceedingly dry. As dry as a town in Main. Now when the moisture don't come down at one season, it falls at another. If it don't descend as rain when Sol is high, it comes as snow when Sol is low, and wins the game every year.

If a man had enough ahead to do him till the robins nest again, this weather would cause him to crawl into his hole and stay there, at least until Groundhog Day.

Everyone shou'd help and not hinder our churches. There are some mean people in them, true. So there are in everything but Heaven. But the churches, for what they cost in a town, more than pay their way. Often by their influence a man becomes more industrious and economical, and likely in one year will add enough more to the wealth of a community to half-pay a preacher. Then, too, now and then, by the church influence, a young person grows up to great usefulness and productive power. And I am certainly taking a very conservative view, to speak of church benefit in this way.

It is quite surprising how little one really needs. His wants may be large, in his mind, but his real needs are very small. What does one find actually necessary to have to exist in comfort? Why, he should have at least two rooms a warm bed in one two suits of dollar random underwear warm overwear, foot wear and head wear. And then enough nourishing food each day to replace the wear and tear, Now the average cost of these each month is quite small, and if everpbody would live thus in youth they would never want in age.

I want to speak privately to our fair ones who have husbands about the terrible practice some of them have of nagging their men. This is really a very sertous and important subject. So pregnant indeed, that the great Dr. Cyrus Edson has written an article upon it for the Farum. You don't know what nagging means, you say? Well, it don't mean keeping at him to buy you a nag to drive. It means drawing a coarse file across his nerves in the shape of your tongue. Talk about the lick of a tiger's tongue drawing blood! It isn't a circumstance to the blood drawn by a woman's tongue when she is at herself in the business. Now a man is not an angle, and never will be, and what's more don't want to be. An angel would doubtless suffer and smile over things that a man wont, if he is an actual man. And when some husbands get reckless and bad, the source of their so-called meanness will be found in some dose of nagging that has been administered to them. I write this to encourage a good thing, that is, the cessation of nagging Ladies, treat the men right, like you do your poodle dogs, and you'll have far less trouble in managing them.

THE QUIET RAMBLER.

The Sunday Swap and the Seguel.

Many years ago, in one of the countries along the North Branch, there lived a Methodist local preacher. He owned a small farm which he tilled on week days, and on Sunday he pitched up and drove about the circuit, preaching to, interested listeners in the school houses and country churches.

On a certain Sunday, Bill Dawson and Bill Parks were returning in a buggy from town, whither they had been to lay in a supply of grog for over Sabbath. They had already diminished the supply.

They saw the the preacher coming and Dawson exclaimed.

"There comes the elder! I am going to banter him to trade horses."

"No no "remonstrated Parks. "Don't do it. He wont trade on Sunday." "Well anyhow," I'll try him," said Dawson.

By this time, they had met the preacher.

"How dy, elder," saluted Dawson "How'll you trade nags today."

The preacher looked at the questioner and then at the horse.

"Well," he said "I don't know that I want to trade. Anyhow not on Sunday."

"But" answered Dawson, "I may not see you soon again. My horse is a little light for my work, and yours looks heavy for driving. So let us trade. The preacher gave the other a curious look and then said;

"All right. Its a trade." Dawson sprang out delighted and began to unhitch. The preacher did the same, the exchange was soon effected, and each buggy rolled on its way.

Soon Dawson came to a large stream, and drove in to water the horse. The animal drank capiously, and only after much urging, moved slowly across the stream, stopping frequently to drink. When nearly across it stopped for good. In vain Dawson swore and shouted and whipped. The beast would not stir.

Soon the man in a mighty rage, threw down the reins, and pulling out an immense jack-knife, he climbed over the dash-board and went out on the shaft to the horse's head. Unheeding the protests of Parks, he slashed the animals throat with all his might. The poor beast plunged and staggered and fell dying into the water. Dawson and Parks jumped into the stream, and wading ashore, walked home.

The next day Dawson sent his boys and team to haul the dead horse to land and bury it. When the local preacher heard of the tragic sequel of the Sunday swap, he declared that he only consented to the trade that he might teach Dawson a lesson, and that it was his intention to take back the horse when the beasts true character was disclosed. He offered to give Dawson back his quondam animal, but the latter said that a trade was atrade, and that he deserved what he got.

SASSY FRASS.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

Washington Camp.

No. 290 P. O. S. of A, meets Tuesday evening in Kline's Hall, Members invited to visit us,

J. H. Redifer, Pres. H. W. Brown, Sec

Penfield Council.

No. 56 O. U. A. M. meets Monday evening in Kline's hall. Visiting members welcome.

Ellsworth Lodge.

No 489 K. of P. meets on Friday evening in Kline hall Visitors cordially invited.

Penfield Lodge.

No. 567 I. O. of O. F. Meets on Saturday evening in Kline's hall. Visiting members always welcome.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church Rev. Samuel Ham, pastor. Preaching on Sabbath alternate with Presbyterian Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Epworth League Prayer meeting at 3:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening.

Presbyterian Church.

No regular Pastor Services alternate with M. E as above Sabbath School at 2 p. m Christian Endeavor at 3:00 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening.

Free Methodist Church.

Rev. Nettie F. and W. N. Hibbard pastors. Preaching every Sunday evening and every other Sabbath morning. Sabbath School at 10.00 a. m. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening.

DR. R. SMITH,

PHYSICIAN AND CHEMIST,

PENFIELD, PA.

All calls answered promptly. Office in drug store, oppo ite P. O. Keeps a full line of drugs, perfumery and toilet articles. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

W. W. HOOVER.

—Dealer in—

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Repairing a Specialty.

DO YOU READ

?

Then Subscribe For The PRESS.

The Weekly Press.

An independant local paper, devoted to Penfield and vicinity.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR.

C. M. CHAMBERS, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Penfield, Pa., as second-class matter.

Saturday, February 2, 1895.

AND now Mexico wants to go to war with Gautamala.

THE amount of gold in the Treasury is growing unbeautifully less.

ANDREW CARNEGIE is lecturing on wealth, He certainly is familiar with the subject.

THE chily is the parent of the man, and he may raise up a very good man if he will. But who is wise enough to keep the child to do this?

THE Japanese have fired upon a mission house over which floated the American flag. If they did it purposely, they will have to settle with Uncle Sam,

Now that all the parties in Huston have named their men for office, the campaign may be said to be fairly begun. There would be no real danger in electing any man who is runding on any of the three tickets.

THOMAS WISDOM, a man from, Pittsburg in a speech before the Central Labor Union of Naw York express the fervent wish that the strikers had arms to shoot back. Which proves that Thomas badly belies his last name.

PEOPLE speak of a winter like this as an old-fashioned one. This is a mere superstition and delusion. Winters in olden times were sometimes severe and sometimes mild just as they are in recent years, and were ne more apt to be one than the other.

JUDGE GAYNOR of the Brooklyn Court seems to take the right view of the duty of the street car companies. He says that the company must run their cars. If they can't get men for those wages they must pay more wages. If there are things wrong with the conditions, they must be made right. As the companies are public servants, this sounds like the truth.

A PROMINENT citizen of Pittsburg has declared that to his knowledge a large amount of whisky was shipped into Indiana Co. for use in the Judgeship contest at last fall's election. This would not be so singular if it were not for the fact that he further states that the Judge who refused all licenses in this county was the man who paid for the schnapps.

THE signs of the times point to a great rush for gold mines. The world seems to be settling upon a gold standard, and pretty fast too, when the President of the United States declares that he will sell five hundred million dollars worth of bonds if necessary to maintain the gold standard: It may be that gold running excitement and activity will revive the drooping business of the world as it has done in the past.

THE Bethlehem Iron Co. have received from the Russian Government the contract of furnishing three millions of dollars warth of armor plate for war vessels. This means a year's steady work, and [illegible]s that our manufacturers can suc[illegible]lly complete with those of any oth[illegible] [illegible]ion, as Krupp of Germany, and [illegible] works in other countries had [illegible] on this contract.

The single tax means the propostion that all taxes shall be abolished save the tax on land, exclusive of improvements this doctrine of taxation is growing, though not wonderfully fast.

"WE learn that the Committee on Printing of the House of Representatives has agreed to recommend the publication of a small edition of the report upon the Chicago Dairy Tests prepared by the testing committee.

THE Nicaragua Canal bill has passed the senate by 31 to 21. It provides that Uncle Sam shall guarantee the bonds of the canal, and take a first mortgage on the canal. If the project should succeed and the central America, it will greatly shorten the world's international travel. Some very eminent and able men are at the head of this canal undertaking.

We Gravely Guess.

That this last blizzard was the worst yet.

That Nature must have run her machine to the full snow-making capacity this winter.

That the coal men can keep on hauling and smiling.

That the logs are about in.

That the blizzard on Saturday evening had no terrors for Democrats.

That some people are standing nobly by the PRESS.

That Callahan seems to have a good grip.

That Sanctification don't last with some people.

That you can sleigh ride till you're satisfied this winter.

That Penfield is a favorite resort of Du-Bois dancers.

That it's about time for something else to happen.

That the mumps seem to be against Lucore for constable.

That it's hard to make Otto spell Dennis.

That the ice crop should have been gathered before this.

That the tune the wind whistles is not a very cheerful one.

That they wouldn't put their name on the back of any other party's paper.

That when you are in the hole, it is hard to climb out.

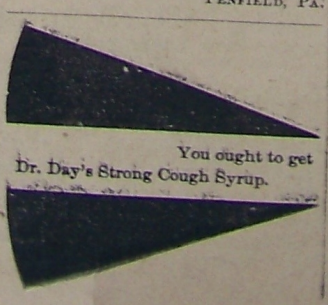
That the warmth of a good revival would be greateful this cold weather.

That some peoples ideas about certain matters may be wrong.

That the next ruction is about due.

That it dont pay to be down on people

That Abbie was generous with her money.



JOHN HACKETT.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Collections made and promptly remitted.

PENFIELD, PA.

You ought to get Dr. Day's Strong Cough Syrup.

JOHNSON & OVERTURF,

The Old Reliable Dealers are

Right in the van of the procession. He will for a time sell goods at following prices:

PRINTS 5c. APRON GINGHAM 5c.
5 CANS CORN 25c.

GOOD TABLE SYRUP 20c. per gal.

We are head quarters for Flour, Hay, Feed and Potatoes, at lowest prices.

Be a Jap!

Campbell's Hardware.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

STOVES & RANGES.

HEAVY AND

SHELF HARDWARE

FARM IMPLEMENTS

AND REPAIRS.

LOCAL LINKS.

—February 2.

—Ground-Hog Day.

—25 lbs. A sugar $1.00at J. & O's.

—Well, well, what wintry weather.

—Danl. Koenig was in town this week.

—Robt. Cochran visited Ridgway this week.

—Shall it be six weeks more of this or less?

—There are some regular old sports in this town.

A. G. Woodward visited Oldtown on Wednesday.

—Mrs. T. B. Buoy, at this writing, continues to improve.

—Mr. G. Hog will be the chief topic of conversation today.

—Don't forget that you can get the Tyler lump coal for $2 per ton.

—Miss Libbie Freeland is ill with a very severe cold this week.

—J. C. Harman' our enterprising grocer is made to limp by a malignant boil.

—Hiram Woodward was as interested as ever at the Democratic Convention.

Chas. Bartles, Jr. was in town recently. He reports the store at Glen Fisher as closed.

—What if W. Chuck Esq. should see his shadow today! O, horror, don't mention it.

—J. C. Kerchner of Tyler brought a large load to the Methodist meeting on Wednesday evening.

—Less than one-third of a cent a day from the people of this region will sustain a home paper. Will you be one?

—*The Methodist protracted meeting* has begun. It starts out quite auspiciously, and may amount to something.

—John I. Williams of Winterburn, has been filling an ice contract with Driftwood parties, getting the ice from the Winterburn pond.

—Our Supervisors have been opening roads since the Sunday drifting. In some places on Pleasant Mount the cut made is five feet deep.

—A party of several dozen came from Medix on Wednesday evening for a sleigh ride, sojourning for a few hour at the Hotel Penfield and then returning.

—Penfield janitors are not the only ones who couldn't keep the house warm. In Chicago. the schools were dismissed because below zero was too much for the janitors.

—Seventeen persons in a big sled with Chas. Bundy as conductor, and Geo. Fisk and wife drove to Calemazoo oa Tuesday evening, and had a dance in Dixon's Hall. Every thing passed off sober and pleasantly.

—Vienna flour 95c. at J. & O's.

—H. W. Brown, our enterprising news and novelty man and photographer, has submitted to the PRESS samples of Miller Bros. pens, which he handles in any quantity. The pens are up to the standard, and persons wanting pens will do well to call on Brown. Those interested in the important subject of penmanship will also do well to see Mr- Brown about the Western Penman, a first class journa on this subject.

—MUSICAL COLLEGE.—Spring term opens May 6. The object of this schoo is to furnish instruction to a who take advantage for the east expenditure of money. It not only endeavers to inculcate the mere rudiments of music to both sexes, but w ill be found equally advantageous to students in every stage of proficiency. For catalogue, address, HENRY B. MOYER Freeburg, Pa. Director.

—12 bars soap 25c. at J. & O's.

—And Mollie was not to go along.

—Old papers for sale at this office.

—White Lily flour 75c. at J. & O's.

—For a nice clean shave go to Casper Yetzer. 2 tf.

—Every sack of flour sold at J. & O's guaranteed full weight.

—Lawsuits were scarce this week at Alderman Hoover's office.

—A switch would not be misplaced in some places in this country.

—Roland C. Berkey and daughter Grace were over from Centreville recently.

—One of the twin babies of Rev. Mr. Hibbard has been very ill this week.

—The banks will not close today, although it be the ground-hog's holiday.

—G. Joseph Trosmiller, has the material for a good presiding officer in him.

—Why should there be two Methodist churches in so small a town as Penfield? Because.

—Chas. Blanchard has ordered forty tons of coal from Winterburn shipped to Philadelphia.

—Robt. C. Bundy is now hauling logs from near Bert Sherwood's place on the back road to Sabula.

—Our able section boss, Tim Welch, has been kept busy with his crew, working at the deep snow.

—No child who does not intend to become a professional should be found in school after the age of seventeen.

—M. L. Freeland and wife, of Medix Run, visited the former, Mrs. R. C. Free-land of this place, one day this week.

—Don't you imagine for one moment, that because church members don't do right in everything that it will do you any good in That Day.

—Willis Lucore and Belgie failed to attend the Prohibition Caucus, and they were not nominated for Constable and Treasurer respectively.

—FOR SALE:—One good driving horse and one light farm horse. Will sell cheap for cash, or trade for heavy road horse. Address. G. R. Campbell, Penfield, Pa.

—Levi Bateman, who was in the thickest of battles in Civil War, thinks that his Uncle Samuel don't use him quite right. He gets only six wheels per moon as a pension.

—5 lbs Japan Tea $1.00 at J. & O's.

—Richard Randall was taken to the Hospital at Williamsport on Wednesdap. Richard waded the stream during the late coldness, and froze his feet. It is thought amputation of one foot will be neccessary.

—Two Bargains:—I have left in stock two soft coal egg stoves I will sell away down. 1 regular price $10.00 will sell at $7.00. 1 regular price $8,00 will sell at $6.00. Call early at Campbell's Hardware.

—The Republican Primary Election nominated H. P. Towns for Justice, Otto Robacker for Constable, Wm. S. Brown, and Thos. R. Hewitt for Supervisors, J. M. Dailey for Treasurer, Nelson W. Armstrong and Kerchner for School Directors, John I. Williams for Judge of Election, Waldo Van Hooven for Inspector, H. H. Lowell for Auditor, H. L. Horning for Town Clerk, T. C. Hoyt for Assessor. 104 votes were polled.

—Mrs. Avilla D. Stiles, a married daughter, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Lucore. A susprise party of about 25 called on them last Saturday. The callers presented a silver castor to Mrs. Stiles, Miss Nellie Bird making the presentation with an appropriate speech. Refreshments were served and a good time enjoyed by all.

A party from Tyler and Mill Run made Mrs. Stile a visit on Tuesday Eve and spent a very pleasant evening with her and her parents.

—The Free Methodists will hold a Genera Quarterly Meeting in their Chapel to begin the 14th, of Febuary, holding over the following Sabbath. A number of Preachers and members from the District will be present. Rev. G. Barnhart District Elder will have charge.

Reduction in Price of Tyler Lump Coal.

I will deliver the Tyler lump coal for $2.00 per ton. This coal is in lumps and first-class in all respects. I respectfully solicit your orders.

Jacob Rosenkrans.

A Rare Treat.

On Monday afternoon and evening, Feb.11 '95, in the M.E. Church of DuBois, Wm. Reynolds of Illinois, of the International Sabbath School Lesson Committee. Rev. J. C. Kephart, Secretary of Penna. State S. S. Association, and Mrs. Barnes of Newark, N. J., a specialist on Primary S. S. work, will address all who will attend.

All Sunday Shool and church people that can get there will doubtless be well paid for going. It is hoped that several can go from along the Bennets Branch valley. Admission free.

L. Bird.

The Democratic Convention.

In spite of the awful weather, 90 Democrats were present at the Convention in the Opera House on Saturday evening. Chairman G. W Daugherty called to order and G. J. Trosmiller was chosen Pres. and Geo. R, Campbell and Philip E. Connolly Sec's. The Convention proceeded to vote and the following were nominated by acclamation: Justice of the Peace, John Hackett, Treasurer, Geo. W. Daugherty, School Director, L. H. Overturf, Assesor. A. H. Rosenkrans, Auditor, Henry Lixfield, Town Clerk, Philip E. Connolly, Judge of Election, J. F. Redifer, Inspector, J. C. Henchbarger. The printed tickets were then prepared and a ballot was taken for Supervisor and Constable, resulting in the nomination of J. H. Callahan for Supervisor, and no choice for Constable, A second ballot resulted in the choice of Robt. C. Bundy for Supervisor and H. M. Hooven for Constable. Thus completing the ticket. Geo. R. Woodward and Thos. B. Connolly were Tellers of the election. The Convention was good-natured, and there seems to be harmony over the result.

Notice to the Public.

I wish to say that the statement being circulated that I am a candidate for Constable, with the purpose, if elected, of resigning in favor of some one else is entirely false. If elected, I expect to perform the duties of the office.

Respectfully,
Otto Robacker.

Penfield, Pa., Jan. 26, 1892

The Auditors of Huston Township will meet at No. 40, Penfield, Pa., on February 6, '95, to audit the accounts to that date, of Supervisors J. H. Callahan and W. S. Brown; Overseers W. J. Lanich and S. Keller; Treasurer Geo. W. Daugherty; Collector, Danl. McLaughlin.

L. Bird, Town Clerk. W. D. Woodward, A. K. Jacobs, G. J. Trostmiller, } Audit's.

Caution Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that the following property, now in possession of C. J. Sheldrake belongs to me and is only left with said Sheldrake subject to my order. The property as follows: 1 show horse, stock of harness, harness straps, harness hardware, 2 oil tanks and contents, stock of axle oil and wagon grease, stock of whips, 1 trunk, four valises, stock of leather, furniture of darness shop, household goods, yearling calf, ton of hay.

C. L. Sheldrake.

$x Penfield, Pa

"BIRD'S CORNER."

Is mostly about surveying land writing deeds, and other Real Estate.

Fire Insurance receives due attention, and also

ANTHRACITE COAL

is sold by car load or wagon load.

I can sell a

BUILDING LOT

on credit at $60, to $150. one-fourth acre, one-half acre, etc. 35 acres on Wilson Run, $175. 150 acres on Boones Mountain $600. 50 acres on Boones Mountain $200.

Hoover, Hughes & Co. land.

Bowman land.

Reading, Fisher & Co. land, and occasionally other land.

I have several tons of good hay for sale.

Dec, 19, '94. L. Bird.

FIVE HUNDRED

Novels at half price. 500, 5, 10, and 20c. Seaside, Boy's Star. Wide awake, Beadle's, Nick Carter, Gem and other popular Novels, in good condition, but somewhat shop worn for sale at half prices at Brown's Gallery, and News Depot.

NEW ONES

At regular printed prices. Also a large number of back number Magazines Journals, etc. at half price.

NOW

is your time to secure choice reading matter for the long winter evenings at a

BARGAIN.

price of Photographs, reduced from $2.00 to $1 50 per half-dozen. Yours

H. W. BROWN,
Photographer & Newsdealer
Penfield, Pa.

W. W. HOOVER,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Collections made and promptly remitted.

PENFIELD, PA.

SCARBORO BEACH, Scarboro, Me

THE KIRKWOOD,

C. D. DRESSER, Propr.

Scarboro Beach is one of the finest on the New England coast—presenting as it does, an unbroken stretch of over two miles, affording all the delights of Surf Bathing, without the dangerous accompaniment of an undertow.

THE WINNE-EGAN,

BAKER'S ISLAND,

SALEM, MASS.

The most delightful Summer and Health Resort on our beautiful New England Coast. Opens June 16th. Send for Illustrated booklet. Rates moderate.

Dr. NATHAN R. MORSE, Prop.

Tyler Tips.

Mr. Jas. Forsyth attended examination for mine foreman at Williamsport, four days last week.

Mr. Jas. Renwick, of Tyler, has a new patent out on left-handed monkey wrenches. Its a crank.

The mines had to shut down on Saturday on account of snow.

Pete Miller, our jolly engineer who has been sick for the last week, has returned to work.

Mr. David Walker, Jr. bought a half interest in Glen Fisher Coal Company, last week. Now she will boom boys.

Jesse has the best sand of any young man in Tyler, how is walking Jess.

Miss Lizzie Walker who had her leg broken in two places last week is improving at this writing.

SNOW FLAKE.

Caledonia.

Time are dull around Caledonia, Orr's hotel has been closed the past week. Guess some of the boys are pretty dry.

Mr. Yerdon is repairing one of his houses and putting it in shape to rent.

The heavy snows have housed up the ladies, hence no gossip.

Whittains store seems to be quite a loafing place for the boys these cold days.

Chas Bernell was in town Saturday evening to see his best girl. Kouse has gone back to St. Marys.

Miss Mary Duff is visiting at Mr. Steinebangh's, in Medix Run.

Mrs. Farrel, of Medix, was in town one day this week.

Mrs, Madison's illness still continues.

The Rink has five families living in it Quite a housefull.

It is a long walk to the Grey's school for the little "School Marm" these cold mornings.

We overheard a little chat about a boy whose mother gave him a whipping because Jim went to see a girl in the day time instead of helping his pa load logs. Better be good to Jim, may get married and leave you, and then what will you do without him

Everett, don't let any old maid or grass widow of Weedville, win you from the charms of Caledonia. Fair warning; if you do you may be left like some of the Spring Run boys was some eight years ago.

Mrs. Wm. Shaffer of Benezett was visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Tozier.

Mr. Wm. Layberger is messenger boy on the A. V. R. R.

BLUNDERING BILL.

Medix Run.

Lots of sleighing parties from Medix Run to Penfield this week. One of the parties must of thought walking was better than riding for he walkee from Penfield to Medix behind the sled on account of his girl.

There was one couple badly slighted betause they did not get to go, the balance of the crowd would not go with them.

The mill was shut down a half day this week on account of the man-head blowing out of the boiler.

Whiskers are still growing.

There was a box social here Thursday night.

They are fixing up the planing mill now and would like to have it done when the saw mill shuts down so as the men could go right to work on it.

Chas. Horn of this place, who attended to the live rollers in the mill was caught in the rollers and all of his clothes torn off of him and he was badly bruised up, and he is laying very low from the effect of it.

Thomas Delong and Mr. Shaffer of this place, drove Mr. Hartman's new ponies to Caledonia on Sunday and got Dr. Corbett in with them and the ponies got frightend and run away with them and smashed the sleigh and tore the harness all to pieces, but the men escaped uninjured. The ponies were running a mile in spite of everything, and I suppose they are going yet.

News are scarce—time is precious.

BOBSLED.

Winterburn.

The Medix Run Mill has shut down and the men and boys will be idle for a while.

It would be very nice if all the boys could get a chance to take a music lesson every other evening.

Snow is falling very fast.

The trains have been very late on account of snow drifts.

Mrs. Eliza Hicks made a trit to DuBois this week, and intends to make ner future home in Pittsburgh with her mother, Mrs. Dr. McGranor.

Mrs. Hicks who has been very sick is improving slowly.

Mr. B. A. Buck and brother Charley, was at Penfield on Monday.

Mr. Edward Christy has returned to Winterburn, but looks very poor, hope the Winterburn breezes will make him look better before he returns to Medix Run again.

LAST WEEK'S LETTER.

Mrs. C. G. Buck is visiting friends in Lock Haven.

A girl baby arrived at G. Delong's one day this week.

Miss Lizzie Reitzel has found her match and their is great rejoicing.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Casey, and Miss Katie Ritzel, of DuBois, visited their parents Sunday.

Harry Williams come home from his work with a sore hand.

Clarence Rogers had the misfortune to cut his wrist very bad, by some unknown cause.

Christ Reitzel took a crowd down to Penfield to a dance, Wednesday night.

Mrs. Dr. McGranor has returned to her home in Pittsburg. She was here attending the funeral of her son-in-law Elmer Hicks.

A couple of our Winterburn Gentleman started to Penfield last Saturday with a colt and sleigh, and had just got a short distance when the colt took a notion he he did not want to go, so he kicked and broke the sleigh so that the horse had to be taken back home, and the sleigh was left beside the road and the poor men had to foot it to Penfield and back.

MARGARET

Weedville.

Weimer the fish man made his apperance again Saturday.

Little "Jess" the P. M. is courting at Ridgway this week, on the jury.

C. W. Webb made a business trip to Benezette Monday last.

Several of our citizens went to Ridgway to attend court this week.

Some of the candidates feel as if they would like to go on the war-path while other feel happy since Saturday night.

Rev. Ham requested the ladies to shovel paths so the men can get out to meeting the next time he comes to Weedville, we think it is a very good idea and hope to see good path in three weeks from tomorrow.

The heavy snow which obstruct the track of the Glenfisher curved line R. R. will not be dreaded in the furture, with constant use of elbow greese of the floating gang, and by the aid of the steam snow-plow which was manufactured by Huff & McMillen the company expect to keep the road clear and in good running order the balance of the winter.

UNO.

J. C. HARMAN,

--Dealer in--

Groceries Flour, Hay, Grain, Tobacco, Cigars, Etc,

Can sell you first-class goods

as cheap as any one.

IF YOU WANT

Four, Hay or Feed of any kind can and get my Prices.

TRY MY PEERLESS

AND PEARL FLOUR.

I keep a full stock of

STAPLE GROCERIES,

and deliver all goods. Call and see me.

The Tannery Store.

Keeps a full line of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES,

FLOUR, FEED & HAY.

Crackers	4c. per lb.	Coffee pkg.	20-22 & 23c.
Tomatoes	8c. " can.	Royal Bk Powder	45c.
Gorn	6 & 8 " "	Davis ok	18c.
Raisins	5, 6 & 7.	Condensed milk	10c.
Currants cleaned	6c.	Salmon	25c. 2 cans.
Standard "A" sugar	4c.	Soda, Arm & Hammer	7c p lb.
Lard	9c.	Peaches Evaporated	10c " "
Pork dry salt	8c.	Apricots "	10c " "
Pork pickle	9c.	Table Syrup	25 & 40c pr gal.
Shoulder	8c.	Rice	6c.
Bacon	10c.		

CURIOUS FACTS.

The African ostrich has but two toes on each foot, and one of them has no claw.

The product of the wax tree of the Andes cannot be distinguished from beeswax.

Two trained mice operate a spinning machine devised by a Glasgow machinist.

It is said that the quails have been dying of the cholera in Ohio, and that there is scarcely one left in the State.

A house built of buttons of all ages and countries is the architectural oddity of M. Clapisson, a French musician.

Jockey Henry Griffin earned $30,000 the past season. He is seventeen years old and weighs ninety-six pounds.

The harvester invented by McCormick in 1831 has been so improved that it is said it will cut and bind an acre of grain in forty-five minutes.

In Haverhill, Mass., some days ago, twin sisters met who hadn't seen each other for eighteen years, and hadn't known each other's whereabouts for fourteen years.

Seventeen wills, each representing personally above $2,500,000, have been offered for probate so far this year in England, being the largest number in seven years.

The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be at King Tung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one mountain to the top of another.

A pair of spectacles cost in the sixteenth century at least five dollars and a half. It was fashionable to wear them, and the larger they were the better; they were supposed to support the dignity of the wearer.

Workmen excavating on the site of street improvements at Dover, England, struck upon something solid which proved to be a coffin cut out of chalk and effectually sealed. In it a human skeleton was found.

The population of London is said to be 5,948,300, and increasing at the rate of 105,000 a year. The city, therefore, has a population of about a million and a half more than Scotland and a million more than Ireland.

Ira Ward, born in Connecticut April 9, 1796, and his wife, Hannah Graves Crumpton Ward, born in Vermont October 11, 1798, are living on a farm near New Hudson, Vt. They were married November 16, 1817, seventy-seven years ago.

The Patent Office has received a valuable acquisition to its museum in a fac-simile copy of the first patent of an invention issued in America. It was granted by the general court in Boston on March 6, 1646. Joseph Jenkes was the patentee, and his invention a water wheel.

Mrs. Hezekiah Watson celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary near Oquawka, Ill., the other day. Her maiden name was Beecher, and she was a cousin of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Watson has been blind for ten years, but otherwise is in possession of her faculties, and enjoying good health. Her sister lived to be 104.

A Woman's Horse Ranch.

One of the most successful horse ranches known to the writer was managed by a good-looking young woman, her father, being meek, mild and unassuming and not in good health, having quietly resigned the reins of government into her hands. She was a fearless rider and often essayed to "break" any two-year-old to which she took a fancy without waiting for the horse-breaker to make his rounds. She rode out on the range with the dealers when they came to buy, made the sales and otherwise conducted matters according to her own ideas. The herders all admired her bravery and spirits, and in their rough fashion treated her with respect and consideration.—New York Tribune.

The eggs of the Bahama cuckoo are held at $100 per set by dealers in birds' eggs.

The response of a certain Frenchman to a handsome woman who complained that she had discovered three gray hairs in her head was paradoxical, but pretty. He said: "Madam, so long as they can be counted they don't count."

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

[THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.]

Grain, Flour and Feed.			
WHEAT—No. 1 red	$	57 @	58
No. 2 red		56	57
CORN—No. 2 yellow ear, new		47	48
Mixed ear, new		46	47
No. 2 yellow shelled		47	48
OATS—No. 1 white		36	36¼
No. 2 white		35	36
Extra No. 3 white		35	35¼
Light mixed		34	34½
RYE—No 1		60	60½
No. 2 western		59	59½
FLOUR—Minn. fancy patents		3 65	3 75
Fancy winter patents		3 10	3 35
Fancy straight winter		2 70	2 80
Straight XXX bakers'		2 65	2 80
Rye flour		3 00	3 15
HAY—No. 1 timothy		11 25	11 50
No. 2		10 00	11 00
Mixed clover, No. 1		10 00	11 00
Loose timothy, from wagons		14 00	16 00
FEED—No. 1 White Md., ton		17 00	17 50
No. 2 White Middlings		16 00	16 50
Brown Middlings		15 50	16 00
Bran, bulk		15 50	16 00
STRAW—Wheat		5 25	5 50
Oat		5 50	6 00

Dairy Products.			
BUTTER—Elgin Creamery	$	27 @	28
Fancy Creamery		22	23
Fancy Country Roll		18	20
Low grade and cooking		9	10
CHEESE—Ohio, new		11	11¼
New York, new		11¼	12
Wisconsin Swiss		12½	13
Limburger, newmake		9½	10

Fruit and Vegetables.			
APPLES—Fancy, ₱ bbl	$	3 50@	4 00
BEANS—Hand-picked, per bu		1 60	1 80
Lima, lb		5	5½
POTATOES—Fine, in car, bu		52	55
From store, bu		60	65
BEETS	per bbl	1 25	1 50
CABBAGE—Home grown, bbl		1 25	1 50
TURNIPS—per bbl		1 00	1 25
ONIONS—Yellow, bu		45	60
PARSNIPS	per bbl	1 00	1 25

Poultry, Etc.			
Live Chickens, ₱ pair		35 @	60
Live Ducks, ₱ pair		60	80
Dressed Ducks, ₱ lb		14	15
Dressed Chickens, ₱ lb		9	10
" young select		14	15
Dressed Turkeys, ₱ lb		10	12
EGGS—Pa. and Ohio, fresh		23	24
FEATHERS—Extra live Geese, ₱ lb		45	60
No. 1 Ex. Live Geese, ₱ lb		40	45
Country, large packed		32	40

Miscellaneous.			
SEEDS—Clover ₢ lbs	$	4 50 @	6 40
Timothy, prime		2 80	3 00
Blue Grass		1 40	1 60
RAGS—Country mixed		¾	1
HONEY—White Clover		16	17
Buckwheat		12	13
MAPLE SYRUP, new		50	90
CIDER—Country, sweet, bbl		4 50	6 00
TALLOW		4	5¼

CINCINNATI.

FLOUR	2 50@	3 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	53	54
RYE No. 2		55
CORN—Mixed	41	42
OATS	32	
EGGS	19	
BUTTER—Ohio Creamery	22	24

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR	$ 3 50@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	58	59
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	47	47¼
OATS—No. 2 White	35	36
BUTTER—Creamery, extra	23	24
EGGS—Pa. firsts		24

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Patents	$ 1 90@	4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	58	59
RYE—State	54	55
CORN—No. 2	49	50
OATS—White Western	33	34
BUTTER—Creamery	16	26
EGGS—State and Penn	26	27

LIVE STOCK.

CENTRAL STOCK YARDS, EAST LIBERTY, PA

CATTLE.

Prime, 1,400 to 1,600 lbs	$ 5 20 @	5 30
Good, 1,300 to 1,400 lbs	4 75	5 00
Good butchers, 1,200 to 1,300 lbs	4 60	4 80
Tidy, 1,000 to 1,150 lbs	4 00	4 35
Fair light steers, 900 to 1000 lbs	3 40	3 60
Common, 700 to 900 lb	2 25	3 25

HOGS.

Philadelphias	4 25	4 40
Best Yorkers and mixed	4 25	4 30
Common to fair Yorkers	4 10	4 20

SHEEP.

Extra, 98 to 105 lbs	3 60	3 75
Good, 85 to 98 lbs	2 80	3 15
Fair, 75 to 85 lbs	2 00	2 40
Common	50	1 50
Yearlings	2 50	4 50

Chicago, Cattle—Common to extra steers, $3.15@5.00; stockers and feeders, $2.10@3.75; cows and bulls, $1.25@3.60; calves, $3.00@3.50. Hogs—heavy, $3.90@4.30; common to choice mixed, $3.75@4.25; choice assorted, $4.0@4.10. light, $3.65@3.85; pigs, $2.00@3.70. Sheep—Interior to choice, $3.00@3.75; lambs, $3.65@4.60.

Cincinnati—Hogs—select shippers $4.45to4.50; butchers $4.40to4.50; fair to good packers $4.35 to 4.35; fair to light $3.25to4.80; common and rough $3.65to4.15. Cattle-good shippers $4to4.60. good tochoice $4.00to4.50; fair to medium $3.25to 3.90; common $2.00to3.00. Sheep—extra $4.00 good to choice $3.00to3.75; common to fair $1.50 to2.75

Wool.

PHILADELPHIA.—Wool quiet, but steady. Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia XX and above, 17@19c., X and above 16@17c; medium 20@21c.; quarter blood, 21@22c; common, 18@20c. New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., at 16a17c.; X, 15@16c; medium, 19@20c; quarter blood, 20@21c; common, 18@19c; washed, combing, delaine fine, 18@20c; medium 21@22c; coarse, 20@21c. low, 22@23c; unwashed medium 16a17c; low medium 17a18c.

Recognized Them at Once.

We were all telling mosquito stories at a New Jersey summer resort, when one particularly audacious man said: "Oh, that's nothing. I was off the coast at Barnegat last summer on a fishing trip, and while we were out on deck early in the evening, smoking and chatting, a great cloud of mosquitoes, all of them monstrous birds, came out from shore and settled on the boat; and do you know, in fifteen minutes they had stripped it of every inch of canvas, and left the masts bare as bean-poles?"

We held up our hands in deprecation at this tale, when another of the party exclaimed: "Well, don't be astonished. I can vouch for that. It was only a week after that I was on a trip along the coast, and the same swarm of mosquitoes came out after us."

The first speaker didn't seem to appreciate this unexpected support, for muttered: "Humph! They did, eh? Well, how did you know they were the same mosquitoes, eh?"

"How did I know?" repeated the other, with a chuckle. "How did I know? Why they all had on canvas overalls."—Harper's Magazine.

Not Much.

Not much to give, a cup of water, yet its draught of cool refreshment drained by fevered lips will send more pleasure through the frame than when the juice of wine renews the joys of brighter days; not much to buy, a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, yet rubbed well on lumbago's twisting pains, will straighten up and cure more crooked backs than when the boys march forth on holiday parade. Not much to try it, anyway; for in all its world-wide mission to comfort those in pain, it never yet deceived, so that its name like household words is known to be remembered. It's the external wine of joy.

Arizona is almost exactly twice the size of Missouri.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The celebrated Roquefort cheese is made of sheep's milk.

With Emphasis

we say that Ripans Tabules, the best and standard remedy for stomach and liver troubles, will cure your headache or bilious attack. One tabule gives relief.

There are 108 applicants for the Conneticut Labor Commissioner's position.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghampton, N.Y.

In 1893, there were 60,025 distilleries in operation in the German Empire.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures — Mrs. F. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass. October 22, 1894.

There are steel billiard balls.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 c. a bottle

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts. 50 cts. $1.

At Every Twinge

Of Rheumatism you should remember that relief is at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which settles in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and removes this taint. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Rheumatism when all other remedies have failed. Give it a fair trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"I suffered intensely with Rheumatism, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured me." HARRY F. PITTARD, Winterville, Ga.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic

YOUNG MEN or LADIES—Light, honorable employment in your town; will pay over $20 a week. Write us. W. Mattoon & Co., Oswego, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Washing Machines and Kitchen Novelties. Write for Catalogue. Crystal Washing Machine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

PN U 5 '95

"WHITE AS A SHEET."

MANY people look like "pale death" from ANÆMIA—poverty of blood.

It's most often caused by general debility from lack of Nutrition.

A remedial agent of undoubted efficacy is

RIPANS TABULES

They "put the house in order" by restoring the digestive functions. Those who use them judiciously are properly nourished and soon

RUDDY WITH HEALTH!

RUPTURE Cured
POSITIVELY HOLDS RUPTURE
Worn night and day. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. Illus. Cat. sent securely sealed by G. V. House Mfg. Co. 744 Broadway, N.Y. City
PATENTED.

DENSMORE TYPEWRITER, Phonograph, Craphophone. The Carnegie Steel Co., has purchased 26 Densmores; the Westinghouse Companies 12. Pittsburg Typewriter Co., 445 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Wanted—1 cents for Safety Odorless Kettles. The best article in the market for agents to make money selling. One agent reports 20 sold the first day; another 35 in two days; and her 16 in ten days. Send 3c. stamp for circular. J. H. DAY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

FREE SHORTHAND Instruction by MAIL. situations secured. C. HAVEN, Box 1162. Phila'a, Pa.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 40 Wall St., N. Y.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

MEN NOT ALL LIARS NOW.

GROWING BETTER.

Dr. Talmage Says There is no Cause For Pessimism.

TEXT: "I said in my haste, All men are liars."—Psalm cxvi., 11.

Swindled, betrayed, persecuted David, in a paroxysm of petulance and rage, thus insulted the human race. David himself falsified when he said, "All men are liars." He apologises and says he was unusually provoked, and that he was hasty when he hurled such universal denunciation, "I said in my haste," and so on. It was in him only a momentary triumph of pessimism. There is ever and anon, and never more than now, a disposition abroad to distrust everybody, and because some bank employes defraud to distrust all bank employes, and because some police officers have taken bribes to believe that all policemen take bribes, and because divorce cases are in the court to believe that most, if not all, marriage relations are unhappy.

There are men who seem rapidly coming to adopt this creed: All men are liars, scoundrels, thieves, libertines. When a new case of perfidy comes to the surface, these people clap their hands in glee. It gives piquancy to their breakfast if the morning newspaper discloses a new exposure or a new arrest. They grow fat on vermin. They join the devils in hell in jubilation over recreancy and pollution. If some one arrested is proved innocent, it is to them a disappointment. They would rather believe evil than good. They are vultures, preferring carrion. They would like to be on a committee to find something wrong. They wish that as eyeglasses have been invented to improve the sight, and ear trumpets have been invented to help the hearing, a corresponding instrument might be invented for the nose, to bring nearer a malodor.

Pessimism says of the church, "The majority of the members are hypocrites, although it is no temporal advantage to be a member of the church, and therefore there is no temptation to hypocrisy." Pessimism says that the influence of newspapers is only bad, and that they are corrupting the world, when the fact is that they are the mightiest agency for the arrest of crime and the spread of intelligence, and the printing press, secular and religious, is setting the nations free. The whole tendency of things is toward cynicism, and the gospel of Smashup. We excuse David of the text for a paroxysm of disgust, because he apologizes for it to all the centuries, but it is a deplorable fact that many have taken the attitude of perpetual distrust and anathematization. There are, we must admit, deplorable facts, and we would not hide or minify them. We are not much encouraged to find that the great work of official reform in New York City begins by a proposition to the liquor dealers to break the law by keeping their saloons open on Sunday from two in the afternoon to eleven at night.

Never since America was discovered has there been a worse insult to sobriety and decency and religion than that proposition. That proposition is equal to saying: "Let law and order and religion have a chance on Sunday forenoons, but Sunday afternoons open all the gates to gin and alcohol and Schiedam schnapps and sour mash and Jersey lightning, and the variegated swill of breweries and drunkenness and crime. Consecrate the first half of the Sunday to God and the last half to the devil. Let the children on their way to Sunday-schools in New York at 3 o'clock in the afternoon meet the alcoholism that does more than all other causes combined to rob children of their fathers and mothers and strew the land with helpless orphanage. Surely strong drink can kill enough people and destroy enough families and sufficiently crowd the almshouses and penitentiaries in six days of the week without giving it an extra half day for pauperism and assassination.

Although we are not very jubliant over a municipal reform that opens the exercises by a doxology to rum, we have full faith in God and in the gospel which will yet sink all iniquity as the Atlantic Ocean melts a flake of snow. What we want, and what I believe we will have, is a great religious awakening that will moralize and Christianize our great populations and make them superior to temptations, whether unlawful or legalized. So I see no cause for disheartenment. Pessimism is a sin, and those who yield to it cripple themselves for the war, on one side of which are all the forces of darkness, led on by Apollyon, and on the other side of which are all the forces of light, led on by the Omnipotent. I risk the statement that the vast majority of people are doing the best they can. None hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the officials of the municipal and the United States governments are honest.

Out of a thousand bank presidents and cashiers, nine hundred and ninety-nine are worthy the position they occupy. Out of a thousand merchants, mechanics and professional men, nine hundred and ninety-nine are doing their duty as they understand it. Out of one thousand engineers and conductors and switchmen, nine hundred and ninety-nine are true to their responsible positions. It is seldom that people arrive at positions of responsibility until they have been tested over and over again. If the theory of the pessimist were accurate, society would long ago have gone to pieces, and civilization would have gone to pieces, with barbarism, and the wheel of the centuries would have turned back to the dark ages. A wrong impression is made that because two men falsify their bank accounts those two wrongdoers are blazoned before the world, while nothing is said in praise of the hundreds of bank clerks who have stood at their desks year in and year out until their health is well nigh gone, taking not a pin's worth of that which belongs to others for themselves, though with skilful stroke of pen they might have enriched themselves and built their country seats on the banks of the Hudson or the Rhine.

It is a mean thing in human nature that men and women are not praised for doing well, but only excoriated when they do wrong. By divine arrangement the most of the families of the earth are at peace, and the most of those united in marriage have for each other affinity and affection. They may have occasional differences, and here and there a season of pout, but the vast majority of those in the conjugal relation chose the most appropriate companionship, and are happy in that relation. You hear nothing of the quietude and happiness of such homes, though nothing but death will them part. But one sound of marital discord makes the ears of a continent, and perhaps of a hemisphere, alert.

The one letter that ought never to have been written printed in a newspaper makes more talk than the millions of letters that crowd the postoffices and weigh down the mail carriers with expressions of honest love. Tolstoi, the great Russian author, is wrong when he prints a book for the depreciation of marriage. If your observation has put you in an attitude of deploration for the marriage state, one of two things is true in regard to you. You have either been unfortunate in your acquaintanceship, or you yourself are morally rotten. The world, not as rapid as we would like, but still with long strides, is on the way to the scenes of beatitude and felicity which the Bible depicts. The man who cannot see this is wrong, either in his heart or liver or spleen. Look at the great Bible picture gallery, where Isaiah has set up the pictures of arborescence, girdling the world with cedar and fir and pine and boxwood and the lion led by a child, and St. John's pictures of waters and trees, and white horse cavalry, and tears wiped away, and trumpets blown and harps struck, and nations redeemed. While there are 10,000 things I do not like, I have not seen any discouragement for the cause of God for twenty-five years. The kingdom is coming. The earth is preparing to put on bridal array. We need to be getting our anthems and grand marches ready. In our hymnology we shall have more use for "Antioch" than for "Windham," for "Ariel," than for "Naomi." Let "Hark, From the Tombs a Doleful Cry!" be submerged with "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come!" Really, if I thought the human race were as determined to be bad and getting worse, as the pessimists represent, I would think it was hardly worth saving. If after hundreds of years of gospelization no improvement has been made, let us give it up and go at something else besides praying and preaching.

My opinion is that if we had enough faith in quick results and could go forth rightly equipped with the gospel call the battle for God and righteousness would end with this nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, only five or six years off, would begin the millennium, and Christ would reign, either in person on some throne set up between the Alleghanies and the Rockies or in the institutions of mercy and grandeur set up by His ransomed people. Discouraged work will meet with defeat. Expectant and buoyant work will gain the victory. Start out with the idea that all men are liars and scoundrels, and that everybody is as bad as he can be, and that society, and the church, and the world are on the way to demolition, and the only use you will ever be to the world will be to increase the value of lots in a cemetery. We need a more cheerful front in all our religious work. People have enough trouble already and do not want to ship another cargo of trouble in the shape of religiosity. If religion has been to you a peace, a defense, an inspiration and a joy, say so. Say it by word of mouth, by pen in your hand, by face illumined with a divine satisfaction. If this world is ever to be taken for God, it will not be by groans, but by hallelujahs. If we could present the Christian religion as it really is, in its true attractiveness, all the people would accept it, and accept it right away. The cities, the nations would cry out: "Give us that, give it to us in all its holy magnetism and gracious power! Put that salve on our wounds! Throw back the shutters for that morning light. Knock off these chains with that silver hammer! Give us Christ—His pardon, His peace, His comfort, His heaven! Give us Christ in song, Christ in sermon, Christ in book, Christ in living example!"

As a system of didactics religion has never gained one inch of progress. As a technicality it befogs more than it irradiates. As a dogmatism it is an awful failure. But as a fact, as a re-enforcement, as a transfiguration, it is the mightiest thing that ever descended from the heavens or touched the earth. Exemplify it in the life of a good man or a good woman, and no one can help but like it. A city missionary visited a house in London and found a sick and dying boy. There was an orange lying on his bed, and the missionary said, "Where did you get that orange?" He said: "A man brought it to me. He comes here often and reads the Bible to me and prays with me and brings me nice things to eat." "What is his name?" said the city missionary. "I forget his name," said the sick boy, "but he makes great speeches over in that great building," pointing to the Parliament House of London. The missionary asked, "Was his name Mr. Gladstone?" "Oh, yes," said the boy, "that is his name—Mr. Gladstone!" Do you tell me a man can see religion like that and not like it? There is an old fashioned mother in a farm house. Perhaps she is somewhere in the seventies, perhaps seventy-five or seventy-six. It is the early evening hour. Through spectacles No. 8 she is reading a newspaper until toward bedtime, when she takes up a well-worn book, called the Bible. I know from the illumination in her face she is reading one of the thanksgiving psalms, or in Revelation the story of the twelve pearly gates. After awhile she closes the book and folds her hands and thinks over the past and seems whispering the names of her children, some of them on earth and some of them in heaven. Now a smile is on her face, and now a tear, and sometimes the smile catches the tear. The scenes of a long life come back to her. One minute she sees all the children smiling around her, with their toys and sports and strange questionings. Then she remembers several of them down sick with infantile disorders. Then she sees a short grave, but over it cut in marble, "Suffer them to come to Me." Then there is the wedding hour, and the neighbors in, and the promise of "I will," and the departure from the old homestead, then a scene of hard times, and scant bread and struggle. Then she thinks of a few years with gush of sunshine and flittings of dark shadows and vicissitudes.

Then she kneels down slowly, for many years have stiffened the joints, and the infirmities of a lifetime have made her less supple. Her prayer is a mixture of thanks for sustaining grace during all those years, and thanks for children good and Christian—and kind, and a prayer for the wandering boy, whom she hopes to see come home before her departure. And then her trembling lips speak of the land of reunion, where she expects to meet her loved ones already translated, and after telling the Lord in very simple language how much she loves Him, and trusts Him, and hopes to see Him soon, I hear her pronounce the quiet "Amen," and she rises up—a little more difficult effort than kneeling down. And then she puts her head on the pillow for the night, and the angels of safety and peace stand sentinel about that couch in the farm house, and her face ever and anon shows signs of dreams about the heaven she read of before retiring. In the morning the day's work has begun down stairs, and seated at the table the remark is made, "Mother must have overslept herself." And the grandchildren also notice that grandmother is absent from her usual place at the table. One of the grandchildren goes to the foot of the stairs and cries, "Grandmother!" But there is no answer. Fearing something is the matter, they go up to see, and all seems right. The spectacles and Bible on the stand, and the covers of the bed are smooth, and the face is calm: her white hair on the white pillow case like snow on snow already fallen. But her soul is gone up to look upon the things that the night before she had been reading of in the Scriptures. What a tran-porting look on her dear old wrinkled face! She has seen the "King in His beauty." She has been welcomed by the "Lamb who was slain." And her two oldest sons, having hurried up stairs, look and whisper, Henry to George, "That is religion!" George to Henry, "Yes, that is religion!"

There is a New York merchant who has been in business I should say forty or fifty years. During an old-fashioned revival of religion in boyhood he gave his heart to God. He did not make the ghastly and infinite and everlasting mistake of sowing "wild oats," with the expectation of sowing good wheat later on. He realized the fact that the most of those who sow "wild oats" never reap any other crop. He started right and has kept right. He went down in 1857, when the banks failed, but he failed honestly and never lost his faith in God. Ups and downs—he sometimes laughs over them—but whether losing or gaining he was growing better all the time. He has been in many business ventures, but he never ventured the experiment of gaining the world and losing his soul. His name was a power both in the church and in the business world. He has drawn more checks for contributions to asylums and churches and schools than any one, except God, knows. He has kept many a business man from falling by lending his name on the back of a note till the crisis was past. All heaven knows about him, for the poor woman whose rent he paid in her last days, and the man with consumption in the hospital to whom he sent flowers and the cordials just before ascention, and the people he encouraged in many ways, after they entered heaven kept talking about it, for the immortals are neither deaf nor dumb. Well, it is about time for the old merchant himself to quit earthly residence.

As it is toward evening, he shuts the safe, puts the roll of newspapers in his pocket, thinking that the family may like to read them after he gets home. He folds up a $5 bill and gives it to the boy to carry to one of the car men who got his leg broken and may be in need of a little money; puts a stamp on a letter to his grandson at college, a letter with good advice, and an inclosure to make the holidays happy, then looks around the store or office and says to the clerks, "Good evening," and starts for home, stopping on the way at a door to ask how his old friend, a deacon in the same church, is getting on since his last bad attack of vertigo. He enters his own home, and that is his last evening on earth. He does not say much. No last words are necessary. His whole life has been a testimony for God and righteousness. More people would like to attend his obsequies than any house or church would hold. The officiating clergyman begins his remarks by quoting from the psalmist, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Every hour in heaven for all the million years of eternity that old merchant will see the result of his earthly beneficence and fidelity, while on the street where he did business, and in the orphan asylum in which he was a director, and in the church of which he was an officer, whenever his geniality and beneficence and goodness are referred to, bank director will say to bank director, and merchant to merchant, and neighbor to neighbor, and Christian to Christian: "That is religion. Yes, that is religion."

There is a man seated or standing very near you. Do not look at him, for it might be unnecessary embarrassment. Only a few minutes ago he came down off the steps of as happy a home as there is in this or any other city. Fifteen years ago, by reason of his dissipated habits, his home was a horror to wife and children. What that woman went through with in order to preserve respectability and hide her husband's disgrace is a tragedy which it would require a Shakespeare or Victor Hugo to write out in five tremendous acts. Shall I tell it? He struck her. Yes; the one who at the altar he had taken with vows so solemn they made the orange blossoms tremble! He struck her! He made the beautiful holidays "a reign of terror." Instead of his supporting her, she supported him. The children had often heard him speak the name of God, but never in prayer—only in profanity. It was the saddest thing on earth that I can think of—a destroyed home! Walking along the street one day an impersonation of all wretchedness, he saw a sign at the door of a Young Men's Christian Association. "Meeting For Men Only."

He went in hardly knowing why he did so, and sat down by the door, and a young man was in broken voice and poor grammar telling how the Lord had saved him from a dissipated life, and the man back by the door said to himself, "Why cannot I have the Lord do the same thing for me?" and he put his hands, all a-tremble, over his bloated face and said: "O God, I want that! I must have that!" and God said, "You shall have it, and you have it now!" And the man came out and went home a changed man, and though the children at first shrank back and looked to the mother and began to cry with fright they soon saw that the father was a changed man. That home has turned from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained." The wife sings all day long at her work, for she is so happy, and the children rush out into the hall at the first rattle of the father's key in the door latch to welcome him with caresses and questions of, "What have you brought me?" They have family prayers. They are altogether on the road to heaven, and when the journey of life is over they will live forever in each other's companionship. Two of their darling children are there already, waiting for father and mother to come up. What changed that man? What reconstructed that home? What took that wife, who was a slave of fear and drudgery, and made her a queen on a throne of affection? I hear a whispering all through this assemblage. I know what you are saying: "That's religion! Yes, that's religion!" My Lord and my God, give us more of it!"

Why, my hearers from all parts of the earth, do you not get this bright and beautiful and radiant and blissful and triumphant thing for yourselves, then go home telling all your neighbors on the Pacific, or in Nova Scotia, or in Louisiana, or Maine, or Brazil, or England, or Italy, or any part of the round world, that they may have it too. Have it for the asking! Have it now! Mind you, I do not start from the pessimistic standpoint that David did, when he got mad and said in his haste, "All men are liars!" or from the creed of others that every man is as bad as he can be. I rather think from your looks that you are doing about as well as you can in the circumstances which you are placed, but I want to invite you up into heights of safety and satisfaction and holiness, as much higher than those which the world affords as Everest, the highest mountain in all the earth, is higher than your front doorstep.

Here He comes now. Who is it? I might be alarmed and afraid if I had not seen Him before and heard His voice. I thought He would come before I got through with this sermon. Stand back and make way for Him. He comes with scars all around His forehead; scars in the center of both hands stretched out to greet you; scars on the instep of both the feet with which He advances; scars on the breast under which throbs the great heart of sympathy which feels for you. I announce Him. I introduce Him to you, Jesus of Bethlehem and Olivet and Golgotha. Way comest Thou hither, this winter day, Thou of the springtime and summery heavens! He answers: To give all this audience pardon for guilt, condolence for grief, whole regiments of help for day of battle and eternal life for the dead! What response shall I give Him? In your behalf and in my own behalf I hail Him with the ascription: "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

Melbourne Decreasing in Population

In the last two years and a half Melbourne has lost 46,000 inhabitants. For the ten years ending 1891 she increased at an average rate of 21,000 a year. Since then not only has the increase ceased, but a decrease of nearly 20,000 a year has set in. The Tramway Company's returns are most depressing. Last year the passengers carried showed an increase in September over August of 25,000; this year, comparing the same two months, they show a decrease of 30,000, while comparing September this year with September last year the decrease is 90,000.

Bacon—"What are you doing with a picture of a football player pinned to your coat?" Egbert—"Oh, yes! My wife pinned that there so as to remind me to have my hair cut."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, FEB. 3.

"Advance, Endeavor!" Ex. xiv. 15-31 xv. 1. 2. Christian Endeavor Day.

Jan. 28. Toward more prayer. 1 Chron. xvi. 7-15.
Jan. 29. Toward more work. 1 Cor. xv. 53-58.
Jan. 30. Toward more Bible-reading. Deut. vi. 3-9.
Jan. 31. Toward more zeal. Acts xx. 22-27.
Feb. 1. Toward more faith. 1 Chron. xvi. 25-31.
Feb. 2. Toward more courage. Acts. iv. 13-21.
Feb. 3. Advance Endeavor! Exod. xiv. 15-31; xv. 1, 2.

It is related of Michael Angelo that he was accustomed to write frequently on the margains of the sketches of his pupils, submitted to him for criticism, the word amplius. Larger ideas of the theme, larger treatment of the details, were the thoughts in the mind of the great artist. If there is any one word it would be well for us to hear and heed, I think it is this word amplius—larger things for Christ.

Never be content with past laurels for "Christ and the Church." Invent new ways of serving him. Plan larger things than have ever been planned for him. Be content with nothing less than the consecration of all, the consecration of heart and will to God.

The tree that has stopped growing has already begun to die. The society that curls itself upon its shell and never tries to do larger things, has already begun to die.

If we are content to be pigmies, we can be pigmies; if we are content to be dwarfs, we can be dwarfs; but if we desire to be larger and stronger, it is possible to grow larger and stronger.

Here is our food, the Bible. This is the Food of Life. We may eat it and grow strong. The air of prayer is the Christian's native air. We have all the elements needed, they are put into our hands. We can become larger Christians if we will; we can become stronger and better able to do God's work, if we will.

We need in our service a holier conception, of our privilege, to do it in the best way. If the archangel, Michael, should come back to the earth, he could not find anything worthier his efforts than is given us to do.

If Abraham, or Moses, or David, or John, or Peter, should come back to this earth; they would not ask more than is given us today.

Are all your committees doing what they should? Are you doing what you should? Have you all you ought have in your society? I ask you these plain questions, for these are your pledges, your bonds; these are your privileges, your opportunities. I call on you for Christ's sake to avail yourselves of these opportunities given you. And until every one has been taken advantage of, until every committee is doing its utmost, until every branch of work has been accomplished, until your society reaches out its arms and encircles all the community in its embrace, and has tried to help every young person within its reach, it is well for us to hear the word "amplius," larger things for Christ.

—From the Christian Guide York, Pa.

LOVED BY NORSEMEN.

Jonas Lie, Popularly Called "The Dickens of Norway."

The "Dickens of Norway" is the enviable title given to Jonas Lie, the poet, novelist and lover of nature in the Northland. He was born near Drammen, 61 years ago. His early years were passed in Tromso, a town within the Arctic circle. Here the picturesque mountains, fiords and glaciers, the boundless stonegray wastes, the three months day and horror of the nine months night, early awakened poetic responses in his impressionable nature. He attended the University of Christiana and was graduated in law, but journalism proved more to his taste. He was 34 years of age when he published his first volume of poems. Many novels have been turned out by his ready pen, and all Norway does him honor. He has been happily married many years, and his wife is his favorite critic.

JONAS LIE.

Courtenay—When you proposed to Miss Dexter did you get down on your knees? Barclay—No, I couldn't; she was sitting on them.—Truth.

Tried to Escape.

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," remarked the police court prosecutor for the twentieth time, "as further evidence of this defendant's guilt I will call your attention to his attempt to escape after arrest. No innocent man, gentlemen, tries to——"

"I object to such argument," roared the defendant's attorney. "There is not a scintilla of evidence to show that this man ever attempted to escape."

The prosecutor gazed at opposing counsel pityingly and resumed:

"As I was saying, gentlemen of the jury, no innocent man will try to escape when arrested for a crime he did not commit."

"Again I appeal to the court. There is absolutely no evidence that this man ever thought of escaping. On the contrary, he surrendered himself into custody as soon as he learned that a warrant had been issued for his arrest."

"Do you mean to say, sir," demanded the prosecutor, half indignantly, half scornfully, "that this man made no attempt to escape?"

"I do—most emphatically."

"Then, sir, tell me, if you can, why he pleaded not guilty, if it was not a deliberate attempt to escape the consequences of his unlawful act? Tell me that," and with an air of triumph the prosecutor resumed his argument.

Melancholy Lot of Musicians.

The Boston Transcript recalls the tragic fate of those great composers who preceded Strauss, and whom Vienna once similarly lauded. Schubert was allowed to starve in the midst of the great capital; Mozart, living, was so treated that he wrote his greatest work, "Don Giovanni," for Prague, and when he died he was laid in a pauper's grave; Beethoven, to spite the Viennese, dedicated his ninth symphony to the King of Prussia. "But the elder Strauss," says the Transcript, "struck the keynote of Viennese musical taste, and his gifted son, the present Johann, kept up the family tradition."

Perpetual Celibacy.

It is believed that Jephtha's daughter was condemned, by her father's rash vow, to perpetual celibacy, because all the Jewish maidens hoped to be the honored mother of the Messiah.

—Her mother—Don't you find Jack rather rough? Priscilla—Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Many years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., compounded this medicine of vegetable ingredients which had an especial effect upon the stomach and liver, rousing the organs to healthful activity as well as purifying and enriching the blood. By such means the stomach and the nerves are supplied with *pure blood;* they will not do duty without it any more than a locomotive can run without coal. You can not get a lasting cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by taking artificially digested foods or pepsin—the stomach must do its own work in its own way. Do not put your nerves to sleep with so-called celery mixtures, it is better to go to the seat of the difficulty and feed the nerve cells on the food they require. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness and Nervous Affections, such as sleeplessness and weak, nervous feelings are completely *cured* by the "Discovery." It puts on healthy flesh, brings refreshing sleep and invigorates the whole system.

MRS. HENKE.

Mrs. K. Henke, of *No. 846 North Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.,* writes: "I regard my improvement as simply wonderful. Since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in connection with his 'Pleasant Pellets' I have gained in every respect, particularly in flesh and strength. My liver was dreadfully enlarged and I suffered greatly from dyspepsia. No physician could give relief.

Now, after two months I am entirely relieved of my disease. My appetite is excellent; food well digested; bowels regular and sleep much improved."

To the Younger Cooks,

the beginners in the art of bread and cake making, there is no aid so great, no assistant so helpful, as the

Royal Baking Powder.

It is the perfect leavening agent and makes perfect food. Do not make a mistake by experimenting with any other.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Ages of Royalty.

The King of Denmark is 76, Queen Victoria 75, the King of Sweden 65, the Emperor of Austria 64, the King of Belgium 59, the King of Roumania 55, the Prince of Montenegro 53, and the Sultan of Turkey and the King of Italy each 50.

Was Sweetly Affectionate.

Two thieves robbed a family at Waterloo, Mo., recently. After securing all the valuables about the house they kissed the old lady and her two daughters, after which all were bid a friendly good-night.

Oh, What a Time.

The discovery was made by a bride in Bloomfield, N. J., on her way to the church that she had on dark shoes instead of white. She insisted on returning to change them. As she was about to re-enter the vehicle, she fell and sprained her ankle. Before the carriage reached the church, a wheel rolled off and the bridal party had a severe shaking up.

Must Not Dance.

The teachers of Junction City, Kan. have been forbidden by the local educational board to attend more than one dance per week.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4 $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75
BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
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The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

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The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn, they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
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Write for Terms. Send 4 cents in stamps for Handsome Cat.
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In a Peck

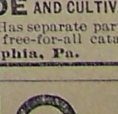
of trouble—the woman who washes without Pearline. Her work is never done, and it's never done well. With Pearline she can do twice as much, and have it done better. There is little work, less wear, never the least harm. Try Pearline, and see it go for dirt; when you see dirt—go for Pearline.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 285 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Hitch A Horse To A Hoe.

It's the up-to-date way of cultivating ground. But be sure and hitch him to the



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Light, strong and easily controlled by convenient levers. Has separate parts for doing close hoeing, furrowing, or ordinary cultivating. Our free-for-all catalogue tells all about it.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SAPOLIO

Is Like a Good Temper, "It Sheds a Brightness Everywhere."

IMPRESSIONS.

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye,
Or a word exchanged with a passer-by;
A glimpse of a face in the crowded street
And afterward life is incomplete;
A picture painted with honest zeal
And we lose the old for the new ideal;
A chance remark, or a song's refrain,
And life is never the same again.

An angered word from our lips is sped
Or a tender word is left unsaid,
And one there is who, his whole life long,
Shall cherish the brand of a burning wrong;
A line that stares up from an open page,
A cynic smile from the lips of age,
A glimpse of loving seen in a play,
And the dreams of our youth are swept away.

A friendly smile and love's embering spark
Leaps into flame and illumines the dark;
A whispered "Be brave" to our fellow-men
And they pick up the thread of hope again—
Thus never an act or a word or thought
But that with unguessed importance is fraught,
For small things build up to eternity,
And blazon the ways for a destiny.

—W. R. Hereford.

The Vizier and the Fly.

HE Vizier Ali-Ben-Hassan, Prime Minister of the Calif Amgiad, was one day walking in the country in the environs of Bagdad. Since the morning he had met with nothing but vexations. In the first place, he had slept ill. Then his first born, his son, Noureddin, had left his home the previous evening, and had returned, after sunrise, shamefully tipsy; clearly indicating that he was leagued with the evil-livers of Bagdad, and had infringed the wise law of the Prophet, forbidding the use of wine and strong liquors.

Then, again, the servant intrusted with the duty of accompanying his daughter to the bath had, on her return, confided to him that, for the fifth time in as many days, a young man, with a self-satisfied air, had, as if by chance, thrown himself in their way; and that, in passing, Amine, under pretense of arranging her veil, had, on the contrary, deranged it in such a manner as to allow this good-looking stranger to behold her radiant visage, a proceeding which, on the part of a Mahometan young lady, constituted a grave departure from the rules of good conduct.

Already considerably put out of temper by all these worries, Ali had gone to the sitting of the Council. There he had found himself in the presence of the Calif Amgiad, and the Calif Amgiad had received him anything but pleasantly.

A short time before, a sedition had broken out in a neighboring province. Ali, after having severely repressed it, had not thought it worth while to bring the matter before his glorious master. But the Minister's enemies had not been equally reserved, and the Calif had vehemently reproached his Minister; firstly, with having allowed a sedition to break out in his kingdom; secondly, with having hidden the fact from him; and thirdly, with having put it down by force, instead of by persuasion—which, indeed, is preferable, but, unfortunately, does not always prove successful.

On quitting the Council, Ali bore with him this impression—always painful to a statesman—that his credit was considerably shaken.

He had no sooner returned home than his wife had quarreled with him, accusing him of niggardliness in the sum he allowed her for her dress, declaring that the wife of the Governor of the palace was better dressed than she, and affirming that, in fact, she had nothing to put on. Ali bowed his head before this storm and ordered his servants to serve him a collation, in the hope of finding in the pleasures of good cheer a compensation for the vexations of his public and private life; but, by an unlucky chance, his cook that day omitted every dish of which he was fond.

Desperate, Ali quitted his house, left the city, and strayed into the country. There, at least, he might fret and fume at his ease.

"Truly," he muttered, as he went along, "there are days when one would like to make an end of one's existence. Of what use to one is life? —nothing but to make one angry with everything!"

Meanwhile, a burning sun was scorching the road on which he was walking; and it was not long before he felt an irrepressible desire to find shelter somewhere. But in vain he looked for a shady corner. At length he came in sight of a path which, from its narrowness and turnings, seemed to promise a little coolness. He passed on to it.

The windings of this path conducted him to a ruined wall near which there grew a palm tree. Ali uttered a sigh of relief and stretched himself at the foot of the wall in the shade of the wide leaves.

Doubtless he would soon have fallen asleep had not a buzzing sound come to annoy his sense of hearing. He looked up, and saw a pretty gold-and-green-hued fly gayly wheeling about his head. Wishing to take a nap in peace, Ali drove away the intruder two or three times with his hand; but the obstinate little creature returned again and again to the charge, and ended by impudently perching on the Vizier's nose.

This was too much for Ali, who jerked himself into a sitting posture, and with his hand made a vigorous, but unsuccessful, dab at his enemy. But in the hurry of getting away the quick-winged fly did not notice that it was darting straight into a large spider's web, spreading between an angle of the wall and the neighboring palm tree.

Witness of this catastrophe, the Vizier could not at first help feeling glad.

"Now," he thought, "you tiresome insect, you will no longer be able to prevent me from getting the nap I want."

But as he continued to watch the fate of the pretty gold-green fly he saw emerge from a crack in the wall a monstrous spider, with a body as big as the finger-tip of a man and long, black and hairy limbs. It rushed toward its prey and set to work spinning a winding sheet of web about it, as if enjoying its victim's terror and agony.

The poor fly made such desperate efforts to free itself from its bonds that Ali, at the sight of its hopeless exertion, felt moved by compassion; and, though he was very tired, and in spite of the little insect having so recently worried him considerably, he could not bring himself to allow it to perish so miserably.

He rose up, and with a wave of his hand frightened away the spider, after which he released the fly from its perilous activity.

"Now," he said, "I hope you will leave me in peace."

He opened his finger and thumb, the fly flew away, and Ali speedily lost sight of it. He then lay down again in the shade of the palm tree, closed his eyes, and was soon soundly asleep.

The sound of a voice pronouncing his name aloud awoke him. He opened his eyes and saw standing before him a personage of dazzling beauty and gigantic form. Two light and transparent wings were attached to his shoulders. Ali had no doubt that he was in the presence of a genie.

"Vizier," said the supernatural being, "you have rendered me a great service. I was the fly which lately buzzed about your nose. I took that form for the purpose of relieving myself for awhile from my ordinary greatness and flitting freely in the sunshine. A malicious sorcerer, my private enemy, wishing to take advantage of this circumstance, changed himself in the big spider into whose web I became entangled and in which I should have fared ill but for your assistance.

"You must know that, though we are permitted to assume what appearance we please, we at the same time run the risk of falling into the same snares as the human creatures whose resemblance we borrow; and, if we so fall, we can only be rescued by human aid. It is, therefore, by your generous intervention I have been saved. In return of this great service ask of me some favor; whatever it may be I promise to grant it."

So spoke the genie. The Vizier remained for awhile without answering. At length, after having reflected, he said:

"I was saying to myself only a short time back that long life was no advantage, since so many of our days are spoiled by divers vexations, and that it would be better to have a shorter existence, composed exclusively of happy and cloudless days; then, if it be in your power to do it, good genie, suppress from my life in future all days of affliction, or even of annoyance, and let me live only during those which are exempt from trouble. Do that and you will have largely repaid me the service I have done you."

On hearing these words an enigmatical smile overspread the face of the genie.

"Have you well weighed your request?"

"Yes," replied Ali.

"Let it be according to your desire."

Instantly, as it seemed to the Vizier, his fantastic interlocutor seized him by the middle of the body and rose in the air with him to a height so giddy as presently caused him to lose his senses. When he returned to consciousness he found himself in his house in Bagdad, in bed. His body was straightened out and so rigid that he found himself unable to make the least movement.

His eyes were closed. Nevertheless he saw all that was passing about him, and heard all that was being said. The room was full of people. His wife, his children, his servants were there; all lamented him, and deplored the loss of so good a husband, so good a father, so good a master, a friend so faithful and devoted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" thought Ali. "Am I dead, then?"

"Yes," said a voice.

The genie stood at the foot of the Vizier's bed, visible only to him, reading his thoughts.

"Perfidious spirits!" thought Ali; "is this the way you redeem your promise?"

"Do not accuse me," replied the genie, but lay the blame to your own stupidity alone. Why did you ask of me what was impossible? Two fairies have been entrusted with the task of spinning the destinies of men. Before one, at the beginning of things, was placed a heap of white wool, from which she spun fortunate days; before the other was placed a heap of black wool, from which she spun the days that were to be unfortunate.

"Now, one night, while they were sleeping, Satan came by and amused himself by mixing together the two heaps of wool, and so thoroughly entangled the whole that the fairies, on awaking, found it impossible to separate the black from the white wool; and, from that time, the days spun by them are of mixed color—made up of contentments and affliction. Recall the days you have passed; is there one of them on which you have not experienced some satisfaction, small as it may have been?

"In asking me to take from your days to come all those on which some discomfort may reach you, you have, in fact, asked me to suppress the whole, and you have immediately arrived at the day of deliverance—and death. I am sorry to have had to teach you this lesson, but you have drawn it down upon yourself."

"Unfortunately, it can now be of no use to me, since I am dead," said Ali.

The genie smiled.

"I am good natured," he replied. "If you like I will imagine that you have said nothing, carry you back to the spot whence I brought you and nothing in your life shall be changed. What do you say?"

"I could wish for nothing better," replied the Vizier.

The genie stretched his hands toward him. Everything melted from his sight and, for the second time, he became unconscious. When he recovered the use of his senses he found himself at the foot of the wall under the shade of the palm tree where he had fallen asleep.

Rising to his feet he asked himself whether this adventure had really happened to him or whether he had simply dreamed it; then, thoughtfully, he made his way back home. While he slept the sun had declined, so that his walk was no longer rendered unpleasant.

On reaching his house, Ali learned that his son, Nourredin, had been made so ill by his overnight's excesses that he had vowed never, thenceforth, to drink anything but water. He also learned that the young man whom his daughter had so frequently met on her way to and from the bath was the son of one of the richest and most important personages in Bagdad, and asked for the hand of Amine in marriage.

Furthermore, he received a message from the Calif Amgiad, the Sovereign, admitting that, on reflection, the conduct of Ali in the matter of the sedition had appeared to him to have been both prudent and firm; and conveying the assurance that he might consider himself to be more in favor than ever.

The wife of the Vizier having paid a visit to the wife of the Governor of the palace and seen, with her own eyes, that the last new dress of that lady was an utter failure, was now in a delightfully amiable temper. Finally, the cook had determined to make up in a striking manner for his shortcomings of the morning, and served up an exquisite repast.

So ended, in the happiest way in the world, a day begun so adversely; and the Vizier, on retiring to bed, confessed within himself that the genie, real or imaginary, had given him some sage advice.—Strand Magazine.

An Ill-Fed Horse.

A South Chicago policeman came across an attenuated sorrel horse tied to a hitching-post the other day. He waited a few minutes until the owner arrived, and then said:

"Why don't you feed your horse something? I'd wager that he hasn't seen an oat since he was a colt. Do you feed him on the photograph of a bale of hay?"

"Mr. Officer, you don't know that horse, or you wouldn't talk that way."

"I don't know the horse, but I know that you ought to be run in for working a starved beast like that; it's a case for the S. P. C. A. Do you weigh out his food to him on an apothecary's scales?"

"Officer, before you say any more to me do me a favor; get into that buggy and drive around a block, and when you come back here tell me what to feed him; I'll do whatever you say."

The policeman got into the buggy and started off. He thought he was in merry-go-round driven by cyclone power; he braced his feet against the dashboard and hung on to the reins until his wrists cracked, and there was a shower of heels all over the road; the buggy slewed around corners on one wheel, and when the horse finally landed up against the hitching-post with its front legs over the shafts, the officer was so dazed that he couldn't speak for a minute.

"Well," queried the owner, "what do you think I'd better feed him on?"

"If I owned him," answered the policeman, sternly, "I'd feed him on some good reliable anæsthetic."—Chicago Tribune.

Texas.

You could dig a lake in the centre of Texas, put the republic of France on an island in that lake, and it couldn't be seen from the shore. You could hide England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales in any part of it, and it would be two months before any one who didn't know of their location would be able to get even a suspicion of it.—The Churchman.

Wheel farthingales were the enormous supports to petticoats worn in the days of James and Charles I.